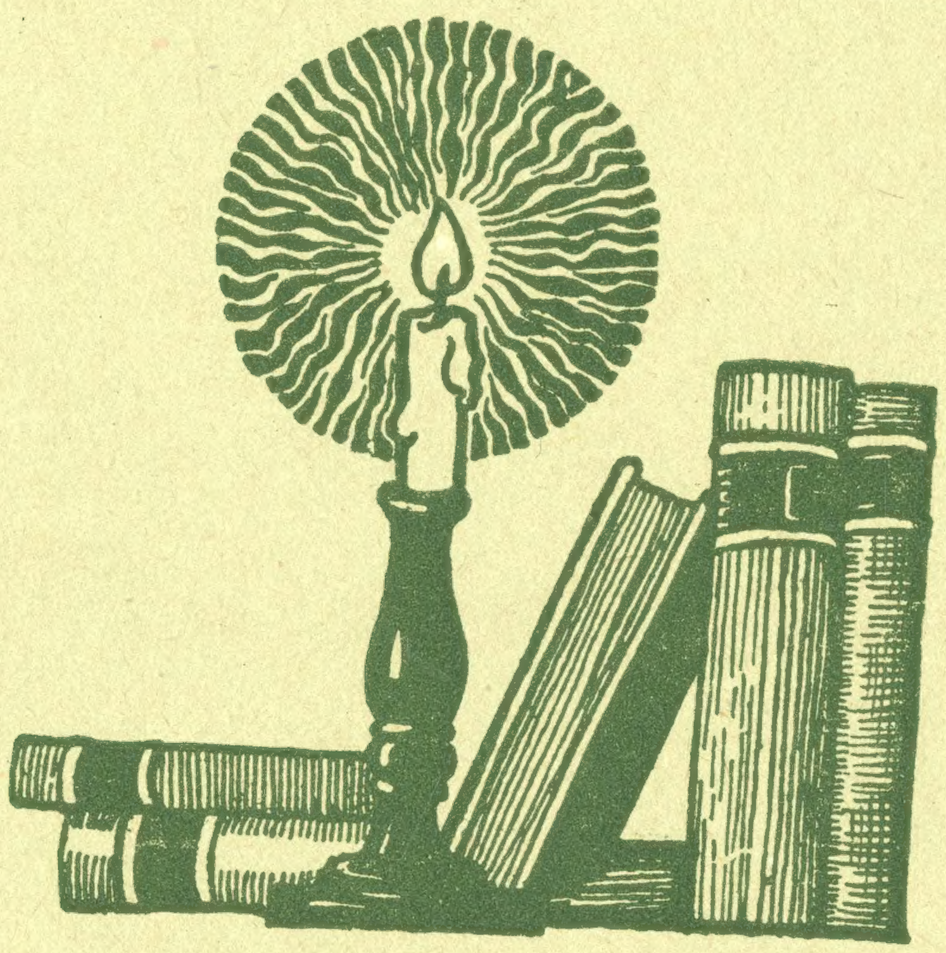
THE ACROPOLIS



JANUARY

L. Weinstein

$727.12
DELIVERED TO YOU

The Ford Sedan

POPULAR TYPE OF CAR FOR THIS TIME OF YEAR

WARD AUTO SALES CO.

316 BROAD STREET, near Belleville Avenue

OPEN EVENINGS

J. W. WARD, President **WAYLAND E. STEARNS, Treas.**

New Building Ready September, 1921.

New Jersey Law School

East Park Street

Newark New Jersey

A standard three-year course leading to degree of LL.B., open to graduates of Barringer High School.

For new booklet address

The Secretary, New Jersey Law School

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Wireless Supplies

A Full Assortment for the Amateur

INFORMATION AND INSTRUCTION FREE

Our Prices Are Right

Newark Electrical Supply Co.

223 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Oldest and Largest Electrical Supply Distributors in New Jersey

Founded 1888 (Day Dept., Dwight School, 1880)

NEW YORK PREPARATORY SCHOOL

NEW YORK SCHOOL
72 PARK AVENUE
Bet. 38th and 39th Sts.

BROOKLYN SCHOOL
Cor. Franklin and Jefferson Aves., 2 Blocks from Fulton

Chartered by the Board of Regents

Prepares Specially for REGENTS and COLLEGE EXAMINATIONS

Enroll Now **26,000 Graduates** **Modern Methods**

Inquiry for further particulars, also catalog, and Success in Regents and College entrance examination.

Spring Term Opens January 23rd

NEWARK SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTANCY AND COMMERCE

A Three Year Professional Course of College Grade Preparing for C. P. A.

High School Graduates Eligible to Enter as Regular Students

Next Beginners Class Opens
January 23, 1922

Enquire at Our Office or Write for 30-Page Bulletin

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT
Y. M. C. A.

111 Halsey Street Newark

Special Mid-Year OPENING

January 30th—February 6th

"THE SCHOOL YOU HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN"

Catalog on request

COLEMAN BUSINESS COLLEGE

Academy and Halsey Street, Newark

J. KUGLER, JR., Principal

60th Year

Branch Brook 7157

MME. ALVA JANES (Soprano)

Teacher of Singing

Open for Church and Concert Engagements

Residence Studio, 150 North 9th Street
NEWARK, N. J.

SPALDING

Basket Ball

When purchasing equipment for basket ball or any athletic sport, insist upon SPALDING'S. Satisfaction is inevitable.

Catalogue on request

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.
589 Broad St. Newark, N. J.

THE ACROPOLIS

A Paper by the Students of Barringer High School

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

January, Nineteen Hundred Twenty-Two

CONTENTS

EDITORIALS 4

A REAL SUCCESS 6

JANET AT CAMP ONONDAGA 8

SLOW BUT SURE 12

PARTNERS 14

JOTS OF SCIENCE 15

SCHOOL NEWS 16

ATHLETICS 18

GRADUATE NOTES 19

EXCHANGES 20

PERSONALS 22

THE ACROPOLIS

Entered as Second-class matter October 8, 1917, at the post office at Newark, N. J., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF THE PUPILS OF THE BARRINGER HIGH SCHOOL. SUBSCRIPTION BY MAIL $1.75 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS EACH. FOR ADVERTISING RATES ADDRESS THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

Contributions are solicited from the students and graduates of this school. All matter intended for publication must be submitted to the editor before the first of the month in which it is to appear. The Acropolis Box will be found in the office and is for the reception of notes and personals.

VOL. XXIII OFFICE: BARRINGER HIGH SCHOOL SANCTUM, NEWARK, N. J. No. 5

Editor—HARLAN S. DE VOE
Associate Editor—W. FAIRLIE McNEAR
Business Manager—BARNARD SICHEL

LITERATURE..... Eleanor Reynolds, Ch.; Willard Cummins; Julius Yadkowsky; Ethel Dodge; Florence Hass; Percy Olton

PERSONALS..... Anne Bishop, Ch.; Elizabeth De Voe; Edmund Dippel; John A. Hammond; Robert Wallace

ART..... Franklin Chattin, Ch.; Melita Ahl

FACULTY..... Mr. Morris L. Barr, Literary Adviser; Mr. George W. Stone, Treasurer

SCHOOL NEWS..... Imre Domonkos, Ch.; Benjamin Resnick; Helen Kolodin; Hilda Semon

EXCHANGES..... Robert Metcalfe, Ch.; Gordon Hart; Dorothy Benjimen

ATHLETICS..... George Haight, Ch.; Robert T. Wolf; Alice Hodson; Lew Westriech; C. A. Rotunda

Graduate Notes..... Betty Holland; Sidney Blumberg; Irene Fine

Circulation Manager.....WM. PERRY
Ass't Business Manager.....W. REEVE

NEWARK, N. J., JANUARY, 1922

BUCKLE DOWN!

Exam time is here again This term is nearly over and yet it does not seem so long since its beginning.

How have your marks been? You do not need to answer for we know. Some have been good, many fair; and all too many have been poor.

Many of you said in September. "Why should I work now, nearly the whole term is ahead of me. There is plenty of time yet." Then October came and you still put off; and then November. Oh, but now it was easier said than done; you had put off too long.

But now a new term is nearly here. Then there will be a chance for a new start. Take this opportunity and make the best out of it. Buckle down to work. Make up your mind that you will get good marks and you will get them, for it is perfectly possible if one only tries.

Don't wait until March or April to start to study; begin now. Don't put off 'till "tomorrow" what is best done today, for if you do you will find yourself in too deep to get out. Besides each day's home-work done well at the proper time, will make each following day's work a little easier.

New Year's Day has past. Did you resolve then to get better marks next term? Probably most of us did not. But it is not too late even now . Determine now to make your next term's work your very best and do it.

AMERICA'S UNKNOWN SOLDIER.

Our unknown soldier! brought from a foreign shore
To rest in peace within his native land,
And hear the din of battle never more!
He gave his life; what more could one demand?

—Helen Rosentreler.

BIRDS.

Look about and you will see
Flitting spritely now from ground to tree;
Little winged clouds of life alight,
With suits of pretty colors touched with white.

Sometimes resting on a tree by way,
Of't atop a stack of yellow hay;
Now they pause and sing a note or two
Just a cheery wish of luck to you.

They are friends indeed of one and all
Through Spring and Summer, Winter and in Fall.

—Anna Sobin.

THE SILVER TRAIL.

The water softly lapped the sides
Of my canoe, so slight and frail,.
Before me, cleaving the darkness,
Lay a glittering silver trail;
Great peace, enchanting contentment,
Settled down with the moonlight pale,
As I glided among its rays,
And followed the silver trail.

—Harry Jefferis.

NOVEMBER.

Red cheeked apples fill the bin,
Wood fires bid the stranger in,
Chestnuts sputter on the coals,
Cheering the hearts of lonely souls.
The corn cribs groan with ruddy ears,
Gay songsters flee from Winter's fears.
The first soft snowflakes, one by one,
Caress the earth when day is done;
And the Harvest moon glows cold and still,
An orange dick above the hill.

—Constance Armitage.

NOVEMBER HONOR ROLL.

4A Room 31. Louis Cohen, Eugene Frey, Simon Harris, Theodore Rissell, Herbert Rohn.
Room 33. Stanton Townley, Imre Domonkos.

4B Room 25. Roland Heyer, Samuel Lucas, Thelma Ruffkess, Henry Venus.
Room 36. Marie Nugent, Percy Olton, Franklin Steiger, Elizabeth Stewart.
Room 37. Irma Lutz, Eli Silberfeld.
Room 63. Laura Edwards, Anna Federici, Mathias Neiss, Esther Obertrifter, Ethel Phipps.

3A Room 41. Philip Freda, Helene Rosentreter, Edna Van Duyne.
Room 50. Evelyn Battin, Lida Bedell, Franklin Chattin.
Room 51. George Goodwin, Mildred Stango.

3B Room 43. Clarence Stephan, Marie Welch, Frederick Wolpert.
Room 45. Emily Smith.
Room 59. Eugenia Thomas.
Room 82. Ethel Dodge, John Single, Eleanor Wilsey.

2A Room 26. Louis Kessler.
Room 69. Ruth Scott.

2B Room 32. Warren Condit, Wheeler Coult.
Room 42. William Parry, Gilda Rosamilia.
Room 61. Edward Herold.
Room 65. Clara Rosenstein.
Room 67. Beatrice Rosenberg.
Room 81. Anna Andrews, Harry Stein, Walter Walsh, Joseph Weintraub.
Room 83. Margaret Blake, Iris Veyer.

1A Room 3[1]. Leonard Tushnet.
Room 67[1]. Harry R. Doremus, Mildred Merz, C. B. Parryclear.
Room 81[1]. Eleanor Ahr.
Room 82[1]. Charles Hart, Richard Johnson, Sylvia Wasserman.
Room 93[1]. Karl Gustafson.
Room 95[1]. Charlotte Planck, Lillie Shapiro, Louise Weiss.

1B Room 57[1]. Ward Abbott, Jas. Best, Harold Dallberg.
Room 61[1]. Emma Lister.
Room 65[1]. Leslie Gibbons, Florence Harper, Bradley Harrison, Robert Jennings, Lillian Knight.
Room 76[1]. Virginia Leach, Sadie Shanker.
Room 83[1]. Eleanor Finelli, Frances Parkhurst, Aida Rizzolo.
Room 86[1]. Fred De Camp, Louis Fuchs, Joseph Rose.
Room 91[1]. Beatrice Loubert.
Room 92[1]. Leslie Ault, Emil Domonkos.

A REAL SUCCESS

By Percy Olton.

"Come on, fellows! Let's go," called Steve Johnson, captain of the Athens football team, as they lined up to kick off to the second team. "Tunk" sent his foot against the ball and away they went down the field after the pig skin.

The second team half back was downed just beyond his thirty-yard line. The next four downs netted them only six yards. The varsity was impregnable. Two men were especially notable in this defense; one was Steve, who played right half back, and the other was "Billy" Reid, the other half. Steve was the better of the two. In fact, he was better at every branch of football than anyone else in Athens High School. He was better at kicking, blocking, tackling, and carrying the ball, than any other player.

On the other hand, Billy was rather spotty in his playing. He was very fast and a good tackler. He almost equaled Steve in this respect. However, he was very inferior at carrying the ball. His speed made him good at end runs, but at line bucking he was very poor. He didn't seem to have the knack of wriggling through a tiny hole or of smashing through a struggling mass of linemen.

Steve knew this fault of Billy very well so, in giving signals as the varsity went down the field, he carried the ball most of the time himself. Down the field they went until the ball was carried to within two yards of the goal.

"I'll let Billy carry it over this time," Steve thought to himself as the team lined up. "He's always kicking about not getting a chance to carry it over. He'll have to go through the line, though."

He called a tandem so that Billy would have every chance. He called off the signals and smash! the interference went into the line. Billy went tearing in at their heels, but some how or other he didn't get through. There didn't seem to be any reason, but the fact was that, when the scrimmage cleared away, the ball was still two yards from the goal line.

The next play, Steve carried the ball over, but as he trotted back on the field he said to himself, "It wouldn't do to have Billy pull that stunt in a game."

Up to Thanksgiving, the season had gone fairly well for Athens. They had won several games and had held some of the best teams to a 0-0 game. On Thanksgiving the great game between Athens and Brisben High School took place. Everybody was keyed up to the highest point possible. The goal posts were decked with the school colors. A half hour before the game, the crowd began to gather and soon one side of the field was lined with loyal Athenians, while on the other side swarmed with Brisben's supporters.

The Brisben team was lighter and faster than their opponents and a casual observer would think the heavier team could murder

them. However, far other proved to be the case. Brisben received the ball and rushed it down the field by a series of forward passes. Consequently the Brisben team had scored a touchdown before Athens had warmed up.

Athens was defeated. Brisben would win by a large score. Athens didn't have a chance. At last, the Brisben rooters seemed to believe so. However, their predictions did not tally in the least respect with the facts. Athens settled down to business and stopped Brisben's aerial attack. But the trouble was that Athens had no more success than Brisben. Against such a fast team, end runs were of little use, so Billy was not of much use. Line bucking was the only way they could gain much ground and consequently most of the work fell on Steve and the big full back, Bob.

During the first of the second quarter, Athens got down to Brisben's twenty-yard line, but a fatal fumble by Bob on the fourth down with only a yard to go, gave Brisben the ball and they punted out into safety. But Athens was not to be discouraged. Bob and Steve pounded through the line which was beginning to tire. Again they reached the twenty-yard line. They went beyond. Then the whistle blew and the half was over.

That was pretty near enough to discourage any team. Twice a score had been in their grasp only to slip away again. But it was also heartening, as the coach explained to them, for it showed they could do it and now they had only to get down to work and make it a fact.

Stimulated by the talk and a cup of hot coffee, the Athens team pitched in like good ones in the second half. Down the field they went, slowly but surely. Past the twenty-yard line and then the quarter was up. This gave Brisben a much needed let up, but Athens was not to be stopped. Past the ten-yard line they pushed the ball. Now it was first down with nine yards to a touchdown. Steve smashed through tackle for four yards. Then Bob went through the same spot for three. Then Steve called for a fake in hopes that Brisben, thinking it his turn, would chase him while Bob went through. Smash! Bob went into the line. But Brisben was determined to hold them and when the pile cleared away, the ball was still a good two feet from the goal line.

Now Steve was in a quandry. Both Bob and he were tired. Billy was fresh but he had failed on that type of attack too often. Bob had tried and failed. He and Billy were the only possible ones.

"Billy might put it over," he thought, "but he might not. I am so tired I don't know whether I can. If I fail everybody will say I gave the ball to myself in hopes of getting the honor when I had a fresh man in the backfield. But I mustn't mind that. It's for the school and I think I am the best chance we have."

So he called another fake. Billy tore across the line with Bob close at his heels. The quarterback shoved the ball in Bob's stomach and they smashed into the line by guard. Then Steve, headed for the other side of the line, grabbed the ball, which the quarterback had only pretended to give to Bob, and crashed through a tiny hole between guard and tackle. This time, when the players untangled themselves, the ball was a good yard over the line.

Athens went wild. They poured over the side lines yelling like Commanches and nearly pounded the life out of Steve. But Steve was not very happy. One person had not complimented him. That was Billy. His attitude plainly meant, "You gave yourself the ball when it was easy to carry it over just so that you could get the praise." Steve saw it and knew what it meant. Behind his back Billy would say, "Anybody could have done that. It's easy to get all the praise when you give the signals."

However, Steve didn't get much chance to think about it for the field was quickly cleared and he kicked off to Brisben. Now Brisben opened up with some new fake passes and there seemed to be some chance that they would get another touchdown. Then, just as a Brisben end was going to catch a long pass, Billy jumped in between, caught it and started down the field. He dodged one tackler, side-stepped another and had a clear field. He went down the field like the wind with Brisben players close behind him and the sidelines going wild. But Billy was fresh and crossed the line a good five yards ahead.

(Continued on page 13)

JANET AT CAMP ONONDAGA

By Alberta Hagaman.

"Oh, what a wonderful place," cried Janet as she stepped from the truck which had brought the new campers to Onondaga. "Did you ever dream that old northern New Jersey was so beautiful? Just look at those hills surrounding the camp. They seem to be made up of trees, and the top ones look as if they were touching the sky."

"Won't we have fun away up here!" exclaimed Helen.

"Just look at all of those tents and shacks. There must be at least one hundred and fifty girls up here," said the practical Clara.

"Welcome to Camp Onondaga, girls," said a sweet voice behind them.

Turning around, the girls saw a dainty little fair-haired girl standing in front of them, her hands stretched out in welcome.

"You girls look like such ideal campers that I just could not resist the temptation to come over and speak to you," smiled their new acquaintance. "Won't you tell me your names?"

Helen introduced the girls, and then asked the name of the friendly camper.

"My name is Barbara Allen, but all of my friends call me Bab, so won't you girls call me Bab, too? I like it so much better. I guess the first thing to do is to go to the registrar and find out where you are to stay," said Bab, as she put a friendly arm through the arms of Janet and Helen. "I do hope that you can stay near me. Hello, Miss Smith. May I introduce to you these new campers."

Greetings were exchanged, and the kind little gray-haired registrar gave the girls such a sweet and sincere welcome that the girls felt at home, or as near at home as they could in a new place.

"Well, Bab, I guess that I shall put these girls in the same shack with you. Will that be satisfactory?"

"It will be great," exclaimed Bab. "I just told the girls that I wanted them near me. I surely do like my shack. It's in the nicest of nice places."

"I'll put their names under the Elmwood list then. Will you take care of them now, Bab?"

"I shall be glad to, Miss Smith," smiled Bab.

"I'm so glad that you girls are going to be with me," said Bab, as she directed their steps toward Elmwood, their home for the next two weeks. "Behind back of our shack are the showers and the swimming pool. On one side of us are all of the tents, and on the other side are about twenty shacks. Directly in front of us are two immense elm trees, with an old rustic bench between them. On real hot days we sit on this bench and watch the girls play tennis, for the tennis courts are right in front of us. Alongside of the court is the store. At the foot of the hill, on the same path, is the mess hall. You see we are in the middle of things, so we rarely miss anything. I just hate to miss anything that is going on around me."

"Oh, there is Elmwood!" shouted Janet, as she ran on to see what the shacks looked like inside. "It's nice and comfy," she informed the others, when they managed to catch up with her. "I'm sure that I shall love it here."

"I think that I shall like it here," said Clara, "much better than in a tent. It is more protection in rainy weather and it is almost as open."

"I think those hills and trees are wonderful," said Helen. "Do we ever go on hikes near them?"

"Yes, we have gone there several times," replied Bab. "I'm going down to the office now to see if I can help any more girls find their places. You girls had better unpack and get into your camp togs. I'll be back in just a few minutes and then we can go exploring."

"Well," said Janet, "I have known many nice girls, but never one quite so nice and friendly as Bab."

"If she is a representative of an ideal camp," said Clara, "I do not wonder that others have said that they have been taught the Spirit of Friendliness at camp."

"Let's get into our camp clothes, so that we shall be ready to go with Bab when she comes back," suggested Helen.

"Who likes toasted marshmallows?" sang out Bab, as she came running back into the shack.

"I do!" shouted back three voices in unison.

"We're going to have a roast tonight," said Bab.

"Hurrah!" shouted Clara.

"I thought that you were going to say that we could have some now," said the disappointed Janet. "I'm hungry."

"Hungry after all of the dinner you had!" exclaimed Helen, sarcastically.

"Let's go down behind Helderberg Hall," said Bab, "where we can get some nice ripe raspberries."

"I can't get to the dear old place soon enough," said Janet, jumping to her feet. "Come on, all you slow pokes," she commanded.

"The tennis courts are in good condition," said Clara. "Do the girls play very much?"

"We play every day. The finals of the tournament are to be played tomorrow. If you are interested, why don't you sign up for the next tournament?" asked Bab.

"Is this Helderberg Hall?" interrupted Janet eagerly.

"No," replied Bab, "this is the castle where all of the officials live. Helderberg is the next building. It is in that hall that we have our fun on rainy days. The floor is nice and smooth so that we can dance. At each end of the room is a large fireplace, which takes the place of our camp fires."

"Sounds good to me," said Janet, "but of course not so good as the berries at the present time. Oh, what delicious looking berries, and they are just as good as they look," said Janet.

The girls continued for about half an hour, picking the berries and talking merrily as they worked.

"Well," said Janet, "I'm through picking. That's the sixth scratch I've gotten and that is six too many."

"I guess it is time for all of us to stop. The supper bell will ring in a moment," said Bab. "Come on, we had better hurry. Right over there is where we are going to roast our marshmallows tonight."

"Over there?" asked Janet, with a shudder.

"Why, yes. But what are you shuddering about?" questioned Bab.

"You will find out tonight," answered Clara, with a laugh.

"Janet is the silliest thing," said Helen. "She is——"

"You girls had better hurry or you will be late to supper," called Miss Smith from her office. "The bell has rung."

"Let's run. If we are late to supper we do not get any dessert," said Bab.

Supper was as merry as all meals are at camp. When they had finished eating, the camp director asked them to hurry down to the hall, where they would sing camp songs, before roasting their marshmallows. How the girls loved to sing their song, and how well they sang them! But is there anything that youth, with her enthusiasm, pep and strength, cannot do, if she is sufficiently interested?

"Come on, girls," said Miss Smith, "and get your marshmallows. Janet, dear, we shall have to have more. Will you please go to the store and get six more boxes of them?"

"Y-yes, I'll g-g-go," answered Janet, reluctantly.

"Why, child, why are you shuddering so?" asked Miss Smith. "Are you cold?"

The kind lady put her arm across Janet's shoulders and looked into her face. Janet blushed, dropped her eyes, and then slowly dropped her head. Poor Miss Smith could not get an inkling of the truth. Helen laughed, and at last she said, "Miss Smith, Janet is not cold. She is afraid to go out in the dark alone." At this confession several girls laughed. But one girl did not laugh. It was Bab, the most popular girl in camp. Bab came up to Janet, threw her arm around her quietly and said to Miss Smith, "Janet and I will go together." Janet gave Bab a grateful glance, which Bab answered with reassuring smile. For a few minutes the girls, with their arms around each other, walked on in silence. At last Janet broke the silence. "It was good of you to come with me. You're a dear to do it. But, oh, it was terrible. I have never been so embarrassed in my life. How the girls scorn me, but I can not help it. When I was a tiny child, I had a perfectly terrible nurse. She made me do what she wanted me to do, by telling me awful stories. It seems as if I have never been able to overcome my fear of the dark."

"Now is a good time to overcome it," said her companion. "I will help you all I can. Try very hard this week. Next week we are going on an all night hike. You come with us. It

might change some of the girls' opinion of you. Try it and see what happens."

The girls had been to camp for a week and a half. A group of happy campers stood in front of the bulletin board, talking merrily. Our old friends joined the group and became just as enthusiastic as the others, when they found out that an all night hike was scheduled for that day. In succession Helen, Clara, Bab added their names to the list of girls who wanted to go on the hike. The chatter and shouting stopped. All looked at Janet. Some of the girls started to whisper among themselves. Janet heard such phrases as, "She won't go," "she's a coward," "it will be dark." Bab laid down the pencil, turned and looked straight into Janet's eyes. Janet smiled, picked up the pencil and signed her name. Immediately everyone started talking and shouting. Some teased Janet, some came up and told her that they had always realized that she was no coward but by far the largest number of girls walked away saying, "We are sure to have a good time for the coward is going with us," and the loudest of the voices was Helen's. Bab finally managed to get Janet away from her new friends, so that they might start to prepare for the hike.

At 4 o'clock a merry group, with blankets strapped across their shoulders, started out. They were bound for Brown's woods, where they knew they could stay all night. At 6 the hikers stopped long enough to eat supper. They went on immediately, for it would be very dark by the time they could get to the woods. Our friends were behind all of the others for they were trying for their C. O. and they needed thirty-five different kinds of flowers.

"O joy," cried Bab, "there is another kind. Isn't it pretty. I wonder what it is called."

"I don't know," answered the other girls as they walked on. Bab saw another kind, so she left the road and went into the forest. The rest of the girls walked on. About fifteen minutes later Janet turned to speak with Bab but Bab was not there.

"Let's wait for Bab," suggested Janet.

"We had better not," answered Helen, "the others are too far ahead of us."

"No, come on Janet," said Clara. "Bab will soon catch up with us."

The girls walked on. At last Janet stopped. "I'm not going any farther without Bab. Something must have happened to her. I'm going back."

"You had better go back with her," said Clara. "It is dark and Janet is afraid to go alone. I'll go on and tell the others where you are."

"Go back with her. I should say not," exclaimed Helen indignantly. If she is such a little fool as to want to go back, she can go back alone."

Janet started back all alone. She walked to the bend in the road, but she saw no one. She turned on her flashlight but still she did not see Bab. Greatly excited she ran on. She stopped and called, "Bab"—"Bab." She listened. But she heard only the rustling of the trees. She went further and called again. Janet received no answer. She called a little louder, but she heard only the chirping of the birds. She felt weak. She trembled all over. What could have happened to Bab? She asked herself the question over and over again, as she hurried on. She reached the spot where she had last seen Bab. She stopped and called, "Bab—Bab." She heard no human voice. She left the road and entered the woods. It was very dark. Even with the aid of her searchlight she could hardly see anything before her. She forgot her fear of the dark, she did not even bother to wipe away the blood from an ugly scratch. She pushed on courageously. She wanted to find Bab, as she had never wanted anything in her life. She stopped and called again. She heard a faint voice, but it did not sound like Bab's. She took a few more steps and called again. Bab answered her. Janet hastened on eagerly. Bab had answered her but why didn't she come to meet her? At last Janet caught sight of Bab's white blouse. But her face was as white as her blouse. What had she done?

"Oh Janet," cried Bab hysterically, "I'm so glad that you have come."

"What is the trouble," asked Janet.

"I've sprained my ankle," said Bab between sobs, "and now how are we going to get out of here?"

"Oh, that will be easy," said Janet cheerfully. "You lie perfectly still and don't say a word. You are not acting at all like yourself."

Janet gathered some dead leaves, twigs, and heavier wood and started a fire. The blaze gave such a light that she turned off her flashlight, which was nearly worn out. Janet unrolled her blanket and laid it on the ground near the fire. She helped Bab to the blanket and made some compresses, by tearing up her towel. Janet's calm and even cheerful manner, made Bab more composed.

"There, that is all we can do for the foot just now. You lie still Bab. I shall be back in a few minutes."

Janet picked up her flashlight and hastened to the road, which she reached without much difficulty. She looked up and down the road, but evidently she didn't see what she wanted, for she sat down on a boulder, near by, with the attitude of, "Well, if I have to wait I might as well be comfortable." Suddenly Janet bent forward to watch a ray of light that was coming steadily over the hill. She sprang down from the boulder and stepped to the middle of the road. The large limousine stopped and a middle-aged man opened the door.

"I am from Camp Onondaga," said Janet. "My friend, who has sprained her ankle, and I have been left behind the rest of the girls, who are hiking to Brown's woods. Will you kindly take us there in your car?"

"Surely we shall be glad to," said his lady companion smilingly.

"Where is your friend?" asked the gentleman.

"In the woods, just a short distance from the road."

Soon Bab was made comfortable in the big car. In what seemed to Janet a very short time they reached Brown's woods. Janet and Mr. White (for that was the gentleman's name) stepped out of the car. All of the girls were sitting under a large tree, talking very quietly. A camp leader was walking up and down in front of the camp fire. The leader ran to Janet.

"Where is Bab? Is she safe?" she asked.

"Bab is in the car, perfectly safe and sound, except for a sprained ankle."

Then after introducing Mr. White, Janet told the leader of her experiences.

While Janet, Mr. White and the leader were talking, Bab put her head out of the door and said, "Hello girls."

Immediately every one rushed to her.

"How did you hurt your foot,"—"Where were you?"—"What is the matter with your foot? were just a few of the questions fired at Bab.

"Well if you keep quiet," said Bab good naturedly. "I'll try to tell you.' '

"We're quiet. Begin please."

"Helen, Clara, Janet and I were away behind you girls. We were gathering flowers. I saw a new kind along the edge of the woods and went and picked it. Further in I saw another kind and I went and got it. From there I saw a beautiful gentian. In order to get it, I had to jump over a ditch. Instead of landing on the other side, I landed right in the middle of the ditch, in a heap. I fell on my foot and sharp pains started through my ankle. It surely did hurt. I rested a few minutes, but all the time my foot got worse and worse. Realizing that you were all far ahead of me, by this time, I stood up and tried to take a step. Oh! how it hurt. Everything grew black before my eyes, my head was dizzy, I felt about for something to hold fast to. I fell down, unconscious. When I came to, I called and called to you girls. I grew worried, wondering what I was to do. I waited five minutes, ten minutes, fifteen minutes and then I heard Janet calling to me. You can't imagine how relieved I was. Janet built a fire and fixed my foot. She went to the road to stop an automobile in order to get aid. And here we are. If it hadn't been for Janet, I suppose that I would still be in the woods," ended Bab.

"Oh no you wouldn't," said Helen. "Some of the girls were going out after you in ten minutes, if you had not come then."

"Come on, lets give a cheer for Janet. Are you ready? Hip! Hip!

When Janet had thanked the girls, the leader said, "That is a cheer that you well deserve, Janet." Are you sure Mr. White that it will not be out of your way to take Janet and Bab back to Onondaga.

"It will be a pleasure instead of a bother," said Mr. White courteously.

When Janet and Bab were nearly back to

(Continued on page 31)

SLOW BUT SURE

By Beatrice Kenny.

"Jean, Jean," called Mrs. Brown from the bottom of the stairs, "you must get up right now. This is the last time I am going to call you. Remember you were late to school yesterday and if you don't hurry you will be late again today."

"All right, mother," answered Jean, "by the time you have breakfast ready I will be down."

"Breakfast has been ready for a long time and is getting cold now. Don't fall asleep again. Remember it is late!"

In about fifteen minutes Jean Brown came rushing down the stairs, trying to finish her dressing on the way. Being late and dressing in a hurry was a usual occurrence for Jean. But how could anyone expect any difference when a girl had as much to do as Jean? She was a girl a little over sixteen, very popular, lively, full of fun and well liked by all who knew her. Jean's only complaint of life was that there wasn't half enough time for all the things one would like to accomplish, not enough hours in a day.

"Let's see what is on for today," said Jean as she looked at the calendar hanging on the wall. "Today is Friday, isn't it?"

"Yes, I think it is Friday the tenth, if I am not mistaken," answered her mother pouring out a glass of milk for her daughter.

"Mother you don't mean to tell me today is Friday the tenth, do you? It isn't Friday, May the tenth is it?"

"I believe it is. I am quite sure because tomorrow is your father's birthday and that is May the eleventh. But why are you so surprised and excited about the date even if it is Friday, May tenth?"

"Oh mother it can't be. Next Friday is the tenth, I am sure it is," She took another look at the calendar, then after studying it for some moments, decided that her mother was right. "Oh! dear! it is the tenth what shall I do? Why didn't I look at the calendar sooner? Every one said it was next week."

"But my dear, I don't know what you mean. Tell me what the trouble is and probably I can help you in some way."

"It is just terrible, mother, there must be some mistake. Oh, dear! my reputation will be spoiled forever," burst out Jean, beginning to cry. Her mother asked her again what the trouble was. Jean started to tell her, choking back the tears.

"You see, I am president of one of the clubs at school. The "One and All Club" it is called and we are going to give a dance to-to-today! At one of our meetings, Mrs. Clark, our faculty advisor, told me to appoint one of the girls who hadn't had very much to do in the club for chairman of the dance. I appointed Theodora, the slowest and most helpless girl in the club. You understand, mother, I thought when I made this appointment, that Theodora could be called the chairman, but Conny, Dot and I would do the work. Then, too, I thought the tenth of May was next week and I planned to get the girls together today to make preparations for the dance. I have just discovered that the dance is to be today and there is absolutely no preparation for it. Why did I ever appoint Theodora! She never did do anything and I don't believe she ever will. I just know she won't even think of the dance, although she is chairman of the dance committee. Besides I told her I would see to the preparations or at least help her with them."

"Now, now, dearie, don't get so excited, maybe she will make preparations, or if she doesn't her committee probably will," said her mother trying to quiet her.

"But the kind of girls she would pick out for a committee would be as bad as she."

"You don't know positively that nothing has been done, do you? Maybe something has been done that you know nothing of. Anyway, you have no time to fret over it now. Why, my dear, it is quarter to nine now. You will have to hustle if you expect to get to school on time. You can't do anything by talking about it, you know. Here, drink your milk and eat your toast. I will get your hat and coat. Don't worry about the dance now, it will come out all right. Now hurry."

What else could poor Jean do, but go to school and see if she couldn't find some way of making preparations for the dance? Hurry

again, all she did was to hurry. She rapidly swallowed some toast which her mother insisted upon; flung on her coat and hat, grabbed her books and ran! She got to the corner just in time to miss a trolley car. No other car was in sight! She started to walk, looking back every now and then to see if a trolley car was coming. After she had walked about two blocks, she saw one coming over the hill. How slow that trolley car did come! It seemed to Jean that she had never seen a trolley car move so slowly.

By the time Jean reached school the first period had already begun. Late again! That meant an hour's detention. Something more added to her troubles. In the five minutes between the first and second periods Jean looked everywhere for Conny and Dot, her two friends on whom she depended to help her. She could find no trace of either one. Upon asking about her chums, she was told that Dorothy was not in school but that Conny, her last resort, was in school, but where? Then, between the second and third periods, third and fourth periods, and so on until noon, Jean looked for Constance. Only once did she see her and Constance was so far away that Jean was unable to reach her. She thought probably she could see her chum at noon period, but on a second thought remembered that Conny goes home for luncheon.

During lunch period Jean sought some other girls in the club to see if they knew anything about any arrangements for the dance that they were to give. They told her to see Theodora that she was the chairman and that they had nothing to do with it. It was the only thing left for Jean to do. She must see Theodora and find out if she, by any chance, had made any preparations for the dance. She went to the chairman's home room, but there she was informed that Theodora had gone! Besides no one knew where she had gone! Jean gave up. Everything seemed to go against her. How could she have forgotten such an important thing and not have made preparations long before!

It was 4 o'clock. Detention was over. The time had come, Jean must take what was coming to her. As she was coming out of the detention room, trying to think what was best to do, three girls came running towards her.

"We have been looking all over for you," one of them exclaimed.

"Hurry right over to the gym," the second said hurriedly.

"The dance is going just wonderfully," said the third. "We have made more than we thought we would make already."

When Jean heard these last words, she was so surprised and overwhelmed, that she didn't know whether to go to the gym or not. To think the dance was going all right! When she recovered from her surprise, how quickly she went over to the gym!

"How foolish I was to worry," thought Jean to herself as she watched the young couples dancing." I should have known Conny would step in and do the work. It is just like her to do a thing like that without telling anyone."

Jean had not been at the dance long, when people began to come up to her and congratulate her upon the success of the dance. She certainly felt guilty receiving all the praise for something she had not even helped in.

The dance was over! All had enjoyed themselves. Everything had turned out splendidly. Jean breathed a sigh of relief as she thought of the success, but then she must go and thank Conny for her work.

"Why I had nothing to do in arranging for this dance," replied Conny as Jean started to thank her. "Theodora has worked like a Trojan this last week and has made this whole dance a success."

"Theodora," exclaimed Jean. "Well I shall never form my opinion of another girl until after I have tested her out."

(Continued from page 7)

Athens went wild. Their highest hopes had been for a tie. They cheered Billy until they had no voice left. They had hardly finished cheering when the whistle blew and the game was over.

This time Steve joined in the cheering with all his heart for he knew that Billy's sourness would be swallowed up in his pride of his own playing. And didn't Steve have reason to be happy? He had won and there were no bad feelings.

"PARTNERS"

By Mildred Cohen

"Come, buck up, Dannie, old chap."

Little Mackie seated himself upon the side of his comrade's cot and, laying down his cruetches, anxiously viewed the worried head buried face downwards in the pillow. "Of course it's rotten luck that you have to stay in bed all the time when we others can go hopping around." Mackie glanced hopefully at his crutches. "But then you know," he continued, "the doctor said you could sit up by and by. Then you and me'll go into partnership." A pale cheek emerked partially from the pillow. "I'll be a bootblack on the Square; we'll be partners and go halvers on the profits."

"But what can I do?" came a small voice with signs of awakening interest.

"Oh, you'll be lots better by that time and you can sit in a wheel-chair behind a little stand and sell candy.' '

"That'll be nice," Dannie sighed, contentedly.

"Of course it's be nice," returned Mackie, confidently, "and don't forget, we'll be partners."

That night, when the lights had been turned down and the two little fellows lay side by side in the small white cots in the hospital ward, a great noise and scurrying through the hall was heard suddenly. Several of the young patients sat up excitedly and inquired what was the matter; but their nurse told them it was nothing.

Little Mackie lay back on his pillow and listened attentively to the queer noises in the halls.

"Hey, Dannie, partner," he ventured at last in a whisper. "Nurse says there's no danger, but if there is, don't you be scared. I'll look after you."

Suddenly the noise grew louder and a wild cry rang through the corridors of "Fire! fire!" Then three firemen rushed into the ward and caught up the nurse and as many children as they could carry and disappeared.

Mackie and Dannie were left alone in the ward. They could hear the snapping and crackling of the flames, and presently the smoke came pouring in through the door.

"Mackie!" cried Dannie, excitedly struggling to sit up. "Run! Run! Don't wait for me! They may not come back!"

Mackie climbed out of his cot and hobbled over to his chum's bed.

"Quick, Dannie," he whispered hoarsely. "Put your arms around my neck. Now hold on tight. That's right. Now we'll go."

Through the smothering smoke the brave little bellow made his way, Dannie hanging to him, his arms clasped tightly about his neck.

Meanwhile, outside the hospital, an excited crowd watched the firemen carry out the children.

"Are they all out?" anxiously inquired one of the managers of the hospital, who had rushed to the scene.

"No, not all," the man half gasped. "There were two little chaps in the lower ward—but I am afraid the flames have cut them off."

"Good God!" said the manager. "Can't something be done?"

As the fireman started back to the flaming building, word spread through the crowd that there were still two children in the building, and a hysterical cry went up, as tongues of flame began to shoot out of the windows.

"God save them," a woman sobbed. "God save them!"

And He did, for through the confusion of noises came the sound of two crutches tapping on the marble floor. Then Mackie started out of the doorway with little Dannie still hanging about his neck. Amid the shouts of the crowd, the two were carried to a place of safety, but Mackie had fainted. When he opened his eyes he saw kind faces bending over him.

"Where's Dannie?" he whispered hoarsely.

"Quiet safe," they reassured him.

Mackie turned over in his bed with a sigh of deep content. "Me and Dannie are—partners."

Naturally

Mother: "Johnny, how is it that you stand so much lower in your studies in January than in December?"

Johnny: "Oh, everything is marked down after the holidays."

"JOTS" OF SCIENCE

Editor's Note: The following were contributed by Barringer's Science Department. Any similar facts which might be interesting to the school in general will be welcome.

THE BIGGEST LOCOMOTIVE

Visualize, if you can, a freight train over a mile in length, the longest train ever hauled. Such was the train with a load of about thirty-two million pounds, that was recently pulled over the Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia and West Virginia. The locomotive pulling this train was the biggest that has ever been built. Consuming about six tons of coal per hour, it was stoked by a duplex stoker, a mechanical device to take the place of the fireman.

The following are some of the details. The locomotive and tender weighed 449 tons, and measured approximately 125 feet in length. The train was composed of 100 cars, each of which weighed forty tons and measured 51 feet. The load carried by each car was 120 tons, making the total weight pulled by the engine 16,000 tons, or 32,000,000 pounds.

200,000 EXPLOSIONS A SECOND

Since a thimbleful of radium costs $120,000, how can manufacturers use it to paint the dials of five-dollar watches? Is radium really used?

Radium is used, but in such infinitessimal quantities that a gram goes a very long way.

The luminous material on watch dials is a combination of radium and a specially prepared zinc sulphide. If one of these dials be examined with a magnifying glass in the dark, after the eyes of the observers have been in darkness for about five minutes, the luminous material will be seen to be seething with tiny flashes of light. These flashes are caused by the explosion of the atoms of real radium.

These atoms are so small that about 250,000,000 of them would be required to cover one inch. When each atom explodes a tiny particle flies from it. When one of these particles is suddenly stopped by striking a crystal of zinc sulphide, the heat generated is sufficient to produce a flash of light visible to the eye. These occur at the rate of 200,000 a second on the average luminous watch.

The brightness of a luminous dial depends on the number of these flashes per second. Every flash, however, means a blow on a crystal of zinc sulphide. These crystals cannot stand up indefinitely under these blows. When the crystals break under them, the dial loses its glow. The sulphide and not the radium has failed.

From a gram of radium (one thimbleful) there are about 134,000,000,000 projectile-like particles per second. By mixing the radium with zinc sulphide, the amount of radium on a watch dial is so small that only about 200,000 explosions occur per second. This number give s sufficient brightness, but means that there is only about one millionth of a gram used on one watch.

THE METRIC SYSTEM

The metric system is now in use in thirty-eight countries with a population of 391,887,000; the English system is used in twelve countries, with a population of 343,426,000.

The old Spanish system is used more extensively in former Spanish colonies than in Spain itself, where the metric plan is in general use.

The English system is in general use in Porto Rico, the United Kingdom, the United States, Canada, Santo Domingo, New Zealand, Australia, Russia, British Guiana, Straits Settlements, South Africa and Liberia.

Russia is the largest non-English country where the use of the English system prevails.

Japan has a system of its own, known as the Japanese metric. It does not, however, resemble the French metric system to any great extent.

It is said that the old systems prevail over the metric system even where the latter is optional, although the latter is easier to use.

ITALIAN CLUB

It was a barn dance, and a real one, that the Italian Club members enjoyed in the gym on the Wednesday before Thanksgiving. Stacks of hay heaped around, gay balloons and baskets of apples formed the background. And the dancers, some of them in proper barn costumes, frolicked merrily until five-thirty brought the signal of the end.

The dance was successful financially to such an extent that the members voted unanimously to use the money earned so pleasantly for a work of charity. They decided to give the little orphans at St. Lucy's Church a real Christmas Party. Anna Federici, who first introduced the motion, was made the chairman of a committee for Arrangements and Entertainments.

Santa Claus, alias Ralph Ricciardi, acting for the Italian Club, took possession of St. Lucy's Orphanage Friday afternoon, December 23. He had gifts for one and all of the fifty-four little orphans—such gifts as made their cheeks dimple and their eyes shine—dolls and books, balls, games, blocks, beads, pictures, sleds—and a glorious Christmas tree. Nay, two Christmas trees—for one tiny one had been decked for the little baby-orphan—all for herself.

And such a feast of goodies—just as much as they could eat—with cake and ice cream to finish off.

And then the entertainment, games and dancing by our club members—especially by Electra Napoliello.

The members of the club have been thanked a thousand times by the Sisters of Charity in charge of the orphans, but they needed not thanks, they felt thankful that they could, even for one day, bring cheer and happiness into the lives of their unfortunate little friends.

The credit for the planning and carrying out of the entertainment is due to Anna Federici, aided by an able committee, but all the club members are proud they too helped to the utmost to make it a success.

ASSEMBLY NOTES

On Wednesday, November 23, the school assembled for Thanksgiving Exercises. The program was arranged by the classes in Problems of Democracy. Louise Alberts acted as chairman. The following was the program:

Piano Solo—"Scotch Poem," MacDowell,
By Myrtle Loder

Thanksgiving Day, 1621-1921,
By Ruth Jacobson

Thanksgiving Day Proclamations During Federalist Period, 1789-1801,
By Fred Warnecke

Thanksgiving Day Proclamations During the Civil War Period...By Elizabeth Mingle

Thanksgiving Day Proclamations in Grant's Administration.....By William Perry

President Harding's Proclamation,
Read by Margaret Mahar

MUSIC NOTES

The Glee Clubs and Orchestra, assisted by the school and Miss Bonner, contralto, of New York City, gave a concert, December 23, in the Auditorium. The 4BBBB contributed two attractive Christmas trees for the decorations, which added much to the holiday spirit of the occasion.

The program was as follows:

Overture—Raymond .....Orchestra
Orchestra

Carol—Come, Good People All...Old French
School

Solo—O Holy Night.....Adam
Miss Bonner

Carol—Holy Night, Peaceful Night...Barnby

Solo and Chorus—
The Birthday of a King.....Neidlinger
Miss Bonner and School

(a) Sleep, Little Dove.....Old French
(b) At Midnight a Summons Came
Old French
Miss Severnaus and Glee Clubs

Solo—O Thou That Tellest Good Tidings to Zion (Messiah) ....Handel
Miss Bonner

Chorus—For Unto Us a Child Is Born (Messiah) Handel
Glee Clubs and Orchestra

Carol—O Little Town of Bethlehem..Barnby
School

Marche Flambeaux .....Clark
Orchestra

The first number on the program was played by the orchestra in a very creditable manner.

Every week during the past term this organization has played for the school and given a great deal of pleasure. The school needs boys and girls who play other kinds of instruments. Efforts are now being made to buy for the High School a set of drums, a 'cello, and possibly some wood wind instruments. These instruments will be loaned to pupils who wish to learn to play them, and in return they will give their assistance to the orchestra. This is something for the new term, and we hope many boys and girls will avail themselves of this opportunity to make themselves more versatile in a musical way.

One of the most unique recitals ever given in New York was scheduled for December 21. The program was rendered by fourteen pianists, who played individually and collectively in honor of the great Moritz Moskowski. He is in dire need in Paris, being sick and having no source of income from his many popular compositions because of the failure of his publishers.

This fact was discovered by Paderewski, and a fund has been started to help him out of his difficulty.

At this recital some of the programs were autographed by the artists who gave the recital, and one program sold for $1,000. John McCormack was the purchaser. We hope to have Barringer make a contribution to the Moskowski fund. Perhaps his most popular compositions are The Serenade and Spanish Dances already heard in the Assembly.

The Messiah, an oratorio by George Frederick Handel, was given December 28 in Carnegie Hall, New York City. This composition is of particular interest to Barringer this year because two number on the Christmas program were taken from this great oratorio. It is given every year by the Oratorio Society of New York, four celebrated soloists and an orchestra. Some of Barringer's boys and girls heard it and enjoyed it more than ever because of the numbers heard at the Christmas Assembly.

One of the features of the Christmastide is the singing of carols early this holiday morning, as the waits of old English days sang—long ago. We wish we might introduce this custom in Newark!

The French nation, during these Yuletide days, has been saddened by the sudden death of Saint-Saens, one of her greatest musicians. This old man of France came over here for the Pan-American Exposition in California and also had a commission during the war to assist his nation in its dire need. He wrote the music for "Samson and Delilah," and some wonderful compositions for piano, voice and orchestra as well. It is one of our privileges to have lived in the same age as this musician. Some Assembly this coming term will be devoted to his music.

His "A Capella"—vocal music without accompaniment—is very beautiful and sung very frequently in festival church services. The Glee Clubs gave a fine example of this type of music at the Christmas concert, and it was said by those who know that they covered themselves with honor. We are glad Barringer has a group of singers who can bring glory to the school.

(Continued on page 31)

TRACK.

Track is going to be one of Barringer's most active branch of athletics for many months. The team has already been organized, with Jerry Garfola as acting captain, and over seventy-five candidates have been enrolled.

Mr. Bauman will coach the team with the advisory assistance of Platt Adams, which alone seems to indicate that our season will be successful.

Practice is being held regularly and future practice will take place in the Armory as well as outdoors. The object of the team this year will be to develop a well rounded team for future seasons and by working together to secure absolute teamwork and co-operation.

The business end of the team will be managed by our old friend Eric Rucklehaus.

Our team will be entered this year in many meets, both local and out-of-town, indoors as well as out of doors. Below is the incomplete schedule which will probably be carried out:

New Jersey State meet.
New Jersey Interscholastic Association meet.
City meet.
New York University meet.
Princeton University meet.
Dickinson meet.
Central meet.
Erasmus Hall meet.
Stuyvesant meet.
St. Benedict's meet.

HOCKEY.

Hockey has been laboring under the usual difficulties, warm weather, and the only indoor rink practical being out of the State. So it seems like our team will be forced to discard skates for bathing suits.

TENNIS.

Tennis will be organized in the latter part of April probably under the supervision of Mr. Raymond F. Haulenbeck. A call for candidates will soon be issued. Anyone who can raise a racket and bawl is requested to try out.

GOLF.

Golf has unofficially become a very important sport among the student body. Thatcher Ayres is the outstanding champ, being a good "putter."

Wiston Reeve also has a pair of golf stockings.

CHECKERS AND CHESS.

Checkers and chess have become organized in Barringer, a very timely move. David Gladstone, Reade, Dimonkos, Greenfield and many other experts are enrolled. The team will be under the supervision of a faculty advisor, none other than Mr. Ray H. Hart.

Our team has been entered in the "Chess and Checker League" and promises us victory.

The team will go into active training as soon as they receive their uniforms, which will be furnished by the A. A.

SWIMMING.

Next term, to encourage swimming, Mr. Fields is going to take a group each week to the East Side Pool. If you are interested in this sport, see Mr. Fields as soon as possible.

(Continued on page 21)

GRADUATE NOTES

Addy Poland, a former Barringerite, has gained fame at Brown for his football playing.

"Lew" Kuhnle, our famous tackle, is "tackling" down at Brown.

Alva Pittenger, sister of Jessie of the present 4B class, is teaching at Franklin. Jessie is thinking of following in her footsteps.

Anna Elizabeth Patten and Betty Berry have joined the Newark teaching "squad."

Miriam Klein, alias "Noisy," is being educated (still) at the Junior College.

Miriam Hoffman is also at the Junior College where she is making a hit in dramatic circles (ahem!).

Louise Durand is in her second year at Vassar.

Vassar is also the place where Margaret Kohn is widening her scope of knowledge successfully. Margaret was one of our star students, let's hope it's nice and clear so that the star may still shine.

Remember how "easy" everything was for Ida Lewis here at school? Well, its still "easy" for Ida at Normal. "Oh, yes," she says "Its very easy." We sincerely wish that everything you attempt will keep being "easy," Ida.

Dot Stone, the lil girl with the big brain, is setting up a fine standard for Barringer at Wellesley.

A milinery course at the Y. W. C. A. keeps Isabel Towne busy. When you open your "shoppe," Isabelle, we'll patronize you.

Grace Cairns, now a graduate nurse, will have charge of a ward at the City Hospital, when she recovers from her present illness. Best wishes for a speedy recovery, Grace!

Peggy Jenning's brother, Johnny, the boy with the flivver, is well representing Barringer at Wesleyan. Would like to see you on a visit to Barringer.

Leonore Mueller, class '21, is a worthy student at the Newark State Normal.

Tom Casilli, a Barringer favorite, is a great big "soph" at the N. Y. U.

Walter Junker, one of our "B" men, is down at the Mutual Bank.

William Koester, who was one of our youngest graduates, is anxiously awaiting his sixteenth birthday so that he may enter College.

Gladys Heuser, who went to Barringer, is completing her High School course at a private school in Orange.

May Gavin is being of great service, she is now employed by the Public Service, while her sister, Grace, graces Normal.

Johnny Rathborne is passing his time riding around in a flivver.

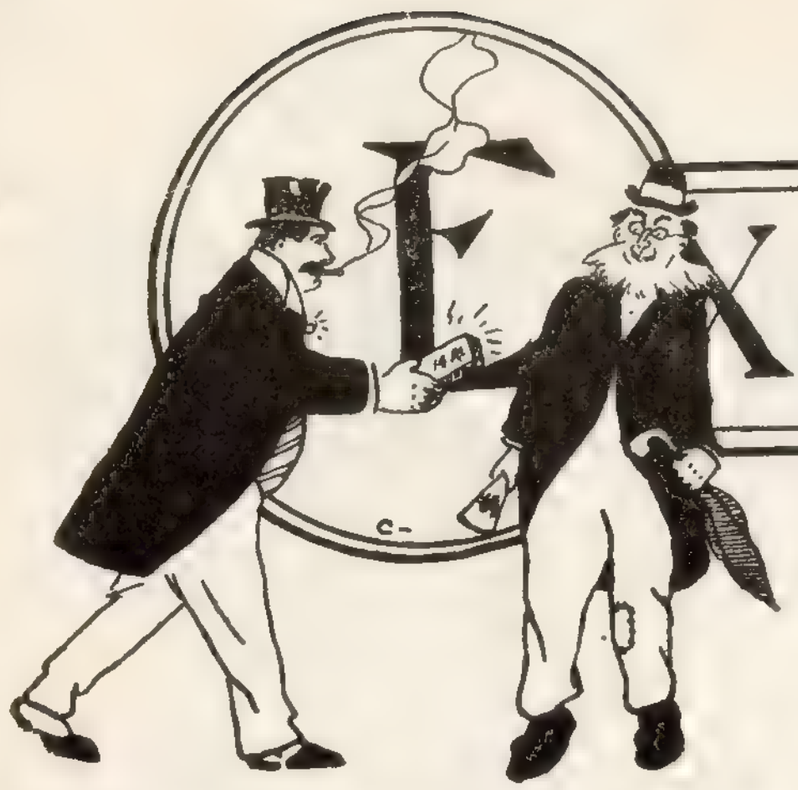
Julia Ryan graduated from Central School of Hygiene and Physical Education, but will stay at home for a year.

Anna Berlinrut is certainly working hard. She commutes from Barnard, her present Alma Mater, to Newark every day. Best luck, Anna!

Helen Finn and Aileen Powderly are enjoying the dances and their homework at Normal. Here's to our future teachers.

By going to Normal Peter Rosamilia increased the number of boys to fourteen. Don't you feel sorry for the "poor" boys?

(Continued on page 21)



EXCHANGES

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"Courant," Bradford, Pa.
"Hall Times," Spring Valley, Ill.
"Polymian," Newark, N. J.
"Vincentian," Newark, N. J.
"Congress," Olean, N. Y.
"Event," Montclair, N. J.
"Optimist," Newark, N. J.
"Orient," Newark, N. J.
"Archive," Philadelphia, Pa.
"Torch," Doylestown, Pa.
"Aster," Newark, N. J.
"Critic," Hackensack, N. J.
"Distaff," Boston, Mass.
"Academy Graduate," Newburgh, N. Y.
"High School Life," Devil's Lake, N. D.
"Advocate," New Brunswick, N. J.
"Trialogue," Matawan, N. J.
"Parassian," Passaic, N. J.
"Optimist," Titusville, Pa.
"Manualite," Kansas City, Mo.
"E. O. H. S. News," East Orange ,N. J.
"Pasadena Chronicle," Pasadena, Cal.
"Newton School News," Newton, N. J.
"X-Ray," Anderson, Ind.
"West Tech Tatler," Cleveland, Ohio.
"Peddie News," Hightstown, N. J.
"Speed Up," Newark, N. J.
"News," South Orange, N. J.
"Targum," Rutgers College.
"Brown and White," Lehigh College.
"Colgate Maroon," Colgate University.
"Daily Princetonian," Princeton University.
"Record," William's College.
"Tiger," Princeton.
"Brown Jug," Brown University.
"Fratech," Newark Tech.
"Columbia News," New York, N. Y.
"Periscope," Bridgewater, Mass.
"Industrialist," Kansas State Agricultural University.
"Homespun," Somerset, Ky.
"Alleymon," Duhoich, England.
"Karux," Phillipsburg, N. J.
"Our Bounds," Montclair, N. J.
"News," Morristown, N. J.
"Yale News," New Haven, Conn.
"Yale Alumni Weekly," New Haven, Conn.
"Spectator," Columbia University.
"Trident," Ocean Grove, N. J.
"Lightnin," New York, N. Y.
"Cliveden," Germantown, Pa.
"Reflector," Middletown Township, N. Y.
"Forge," Akron, Ohio.
"Blue and White," Pottstown, Pa.
"Owl," Woodbine, N. J.

! THIS MEANS US !

(From "Harpers.")

The Acropolis is the first perfect high school publication we have received. The only error in the last twenty years was the misspelling of the word "bread," in a piano ad, in your issue of August, 1901. Kindly see that this receives immediate attention.

BRIEF COMMENTS.

We must congratulate you on your cuts, "Cliveden." The paper has a snappy appearance. Collect jokes under one department.

The "Periscope" contains good material and your personals are unusually numerous. You might improve the appearance by using cuts for department headings.

The "Trident" contains a large amount of good material. The only necessary improvement is in the appearance of your paper. Cuts make the paper more attractive.

"Torch."—Neat appearance, but lacking in the amount of material.

"Vincentian."—Too political for a school paper.

"Hall Times."—Material is good but arrangement is poor. No editorials and no title page.

"Congress."—Neat paper. Good work.

"Archive."—Appearance, cuts, and jokes are fine. Compliments on your Poetry department.

"Critic."—Clever publication with lots of pep. A few more cuts would help the appearance.

"Distaff."—Good all-round paped. Department of Current Topics is individual.

"Courrant."—Excellent appearance, fine material, well edited.

"On Bounds."—Good cover and material but poor arrangement.

"Advocate."—Snappy paper, contains real news and good jokes.

"Event."—Recipes on back cover sound very appetizing.

"High School Life."—Lively publication with good editorials and jokes.

ATHLETICS

(Coniinued from page 18)

BASEBALL.

Even though it seems early to think of baseball in January and Febuary, nevertheless many plans for the 1922 Season have been adopted and are at present being carried out.

Mr. Lew Fields will coach the squad this season and we feel certain that he will build up a powerful team since he has already been planning his work and intends to carry through all his ideas.

The prospects for 1922 seem to be good, and the material is promising. A schedule has already been arranged, part of which follows:

Baseball Schedule.

April—Monday, 17—Open.
Tuesday, 18—East Side.
Friday, 21—Montclair at Montclair.
Tuesday, 25—Central.
Friday, 28—Dickinson at Jersey City.

May—Tuesday, 2—South Side.
Friday, 5—East Orange at East Orange.
Tuesday, 9—East Side.
Friday, 12—Montclair at Newark.
Monday, 15—Battin at Newark.
Thursday, 18—Dickinson at Newark.
Monday, 22—Central.
Wednesday, 24—Newark Academy at Academy Field.
Friday, 26—East Orange at Newark.

June—Thursday, 1—South Side.

A TRIBUTE.

When we have too much of anything good we sometimes are wont to take its benefits and success for granted. And so, for many years, Barringer has become accustomed to expect as a matter of course the keen management, strict economy, long hours of planning, and untiring efforts of Mr. Johnson, adviser of athletics. Mr. Johnson has served Barringer quietly and efficiently for over sixteen years with but slight recognition on the part of the student body.

For each one of the numerous branches of Barringer athletics, there are many details, both numerous and lengthy, which have been worked out and accomplished by him alone.

There is, perhaps, no other faculty adviser who has worked as hard for Barringer as Mr. Johnson, and we owe him all the appreciation we can offer.

So let's all get together and boost and work for Barringer as Mr. Johnson has done. He surely has set a wonderful example.

And let's not forget the good work he has done, and is doing, for without him, athletics in Barringer would not be so successful and prosperous as they are.

GRADUATE NOTES

(Continued from page 19)

Katherine Wicks and Virginia Vliet, two of our girls now at the National Park Seminary, saw the Armistice Day program at Washington. Lucky girls!

Bessie Grossback, who excelled in gym at Barringer, has gone into business.

Lucille Gerard has decided to become a teacher, so is taking a course at Normal.

YE CLIFTON CAR

A bang! A smash! A sudden crack!
Alas! Again we're off the track.
A jolt that jars us to the core—
Hurrah! Hurrah! We're on once more.

A few more feet with greatest care—
The motorman, he does not dare
To put on speed with might and main—
Because we'll sure go off again.

And now the trolley's off, of course,
The big conductor's voice is hoarse
With shouting (as we're all aware),
"Hey you! Stop ringing up the fare!"

Another block, and then a roar!
And smoke arises from the floor;
Once more our journey is delayed,
While two more cars come to our aid.

So goes our journey every day,
But there is one thing, strange to say,
Whate'er you gather from this rhyme,
We sometimes get to school on time.

Mr. Dunn: "What is a by-product of the oil industry?"

Wolfe: "Oilcloth."

A New Yell from 45

Cosine Secont
Logarithm Pi!
Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah!
Barringer High!

Bill: "Listen, friend, keep this to yourself, but I caught twenty-nine bass over the limit this afternoon."

Stranger: "Say, young feller, do you know who I am?"

Bill: "No; who are you?"

Stranger: "I'm the biggest warden in this here county."

Bill: "Oh, that's all right; you don't know me. I'm the biggest liar in this here state."

—Tiger.

Mack: "Al, what time is it?"

Al: "What's the matter with your ticker?"

Mack: "It's got dandruff on the hair-spring."

Cougleton: "Shall I mark time with my feet?"

Mr. Field: "Did you ever hear of anyone marking time with his hands?"

Dick: "Yes, sir. Clocks do it."

He Was "Charged," Too

He (screwing electric bracket to ceiling): "Better not stand so close, Mary; you might be shocked if this thing slips."

She: "Why should I? I'm used to your language."

A Good Find

He: "They're a wise couple."

She: "Why?"

He: "They feed the baby garlic so they can find it in the dark."

"Say, do you want to get next to a scheme for making money fast?"

"Sure I do."

"Glue it to the floor."

"My business has gone to the wall."

"What business are you in?"

"I'm a paperhanger."

A.: "Haven't I seen your face somewhere before?"

B.: "Yes, that's where I generally carry it."

Depends on What He Hits

"Just think of it, Pat," said the auto salesman, "this car will go sixty miles an hour."

"Foine, and how fast will it stop now?"

Partington: "That's what I call a heavy woman."

Haight: "How cum?"

Eddie: "I couldn't pick her up."

Teacher (oratorically): "Where will the missing link be found?"

Metcalfe (aroused from slumber): "Have you looked under the bureau?"

Perry: "Say, Harlan, did you ever study a blotter?"

De Voe: "No, foolish."

Bill: "It's a very absorbing subject."

A.: "Helen used to call Jack an awful pill."
B.: "She took him."

"Got a nail in your tire?"
"Naw; ran over a fork in the road."

Boy: "Dad, what's the social scale?"
Dad: "Well, generally speaking, my boy, it's the place where money is weighed."

"My uncle's an English peer."
"You haven't got anything on me; my uncle's an American Dock."

Mary has an aeroplane
And flies around the sky;
She claims that it is poison—
One drop and you will die.
—Ex.

He: "They tell me your complexion is all made up."
She: "That's false."
He: "That's what they meant."

Judge: "Who brought you here."
Drunk: "Two policemen."
Judge: "Drunk, I suppose?"
Drunk: "Yes, sir; both of them."

"Doc" Bara: "See here, you overcharged me for that suit. It was full of moths."
Isaac: "Vel, vot do you expect for sixteen dollars and ninety-eight cents? Humming birds?"

"Peg Garafola: "There's a snapshot of my girl at the beach."
"Doc" Barra: "Snapshot! I'd call that an exposure."

Freshie to Senior: "What is steam?"
Senior: "I don't know."
Freshie: "Cold water gone crazy with the heat."

A.: "I hear she's having her voice trained."
B.: "Gee, I didn't know it was that wild."

A.: "What's your boy doing nowadays?"
B.: "Oh, he's shirking his way through college."

Don: "I hate those revolving doors."
Dan: "So do I. You can't slam them when you're mad."

Ma: "Johnny, run over and find out how old Mrs. Brown is today."
Johnny: (upon returning): "Mrs. Brown says it's none of your business how old she is."—Ex.

"The coach told me to stop everything that was hard on my wind."
"Well, what did you stop?"
"Running."

She: "There's only one thing the matter with you, George."
He: "Why, I always thought I was all right."
She: "That's it."

"Don't cry, little boy. You'll get your reward in the end."
"S'pose so. That's where I allus do get it."
—Life.

Mother: "Why, Willie, what are you doing, teaching that parrot to swear?"
Willie: "No, Mother; I'm just telling him what he must not say."

Teacher: "Why does the giraffe have such a long neck?"
Edna (hopefully): "Because its head is so far away from its body."

He: "If we win the game it'll mean another ball in the gym."
She: "Good heavens! and the prom was only last night."—Ex.

Judge: "You are sentenced to twenty years in state prison. Have you anything to say?"
Prisoner: "Yes, your honor, will you please telephone my wife not to wait dinner for me?"

Mother: "Tommy, where did you get that black eye? Didn't I tell you good little boys don't fight?"
Tommy: "Yes, and I believe you, Ma. I thought he was a good little boy until I hit him—then I found out he wasn't."

"Inventors are never taken seriously."

"No; even Edison made light of his theories."

"Bill may be a bum soda clerk, but he sure can raise a laugh."

"Yep, he actually made a banana split the other day."

Teacher: "What is the most important river in Africa?"

Boy: "Nile."

Teacher: "And what are its tributaries?"

Boy: "The Juveniles."

Teacher: "Are you sure this theme you have here is original?"

Stude: "Yes, sir; all but a word or two, which you may have come across in a dictionary before."

Matron (to new hired girl): "Did you water the rubber plant while I was away?"

Girl: "No, mum; I thought it was waterproof."

"When did you first become acquainted with your husband?"

"The first time I asked him for money after we were married."

The Cake Eater

A cake eater is something that is cute and
neat,
A very small tie and patent leather feet,
A part in his hair and pants pressed so,
Crumbs in his pocket instead of dough,
A small black derby, a cute pair of spats,
Goes to a dance and thinks he's the cats;
Stands on the floor like a lily so pure;
Some silly girl comes along and says sure
She thinks he's so cute and acts so refined;
They get on the car and she pays the dime.
Now remember, girls, you just like the ties,
But our mothers married regular guys.

Trend of the Times

"It's got so these days that a man can hardly wed unless he can show the girl two licenses."

"Two licenses?"

"Yes, marriage and automobile."

He Knew It All

There was a man who fancied
By driving good and fast,
He would get his car across the track
Before the train got past.
He would miss the engine by an inch,
He would make the train crew sore,
There was a man who fancied this;
He isn't any more.

Bank Customer: "I want to rent a safety deposit box; what sizes do they come in?"

Cashier: "Pints and quarts."

Dealer in Antiques: "This, sir, is a rare old revolver which was carried by Christopher Columbus."

Customer: "Why, revolvers were not invented in Columbus' time."

Dealer in Antique: "I know. That's what makes this one so rare."

Stranger: "My boy, can you tell me where I can find your daddy."

Son: "Yep! He's right down yonder with them thar hogs, but you'll know him all right, 'cause he's got a hat on."

He: "Why do you say that a man raising a mustache reminds you of a carrot?"

She: "They're both growing down."

A.: "Did either your wife or her car get injured in the accident yesterday?"

B.: "Not very much. Just a little paint chipped off both."

"Does your fiancee know much about automobiles?"

"Heavens, no; she asked me if I cooled my car by stripping the gears."

"My good man, you had better take the trolley car home."

"'Sh'no ushe! My wife wouldn't let me—hic—keep it in th' houshe."

"Were those bells I heard?"

"No, only my face peeling."

Haight: "I dreamed I was a plumber."

DeVoe: "Oh, that was only a pipe dream."

John saw a shoe tree advertised,
He planted one or two;
But he has not been so lucky as
To raise a single shoe.—Ex.

Beggar: "Pardon me, sir, but perhaps you notice that I have only one leg——"

Gentleman: "Well, what's that to me? Do you think I have one too many?"

"Did you know that Freddie talks in his sleep?"

"No. Does he?"

"Well, it's true. He recited in class this morning."

"Have you read 'Far from the Maddening Throng'?" asked the professor in English class.

"No," responded the egg; "but I've got 'All by Myself' on the Victrola."

"Is your son home from college?"

"I presume so. I haven't seen my car for a week."

"If I lend you ten dollars, what security will you be able to give me?"

"The word of an honest man."

"All right, bring him along, and I'll see what I can do for you."

Historically Correct

Mr. Hart: "Levitt, in which of his battles was Johnston killed?"

Jess (after due deliberation): "I think it was in his last battle."

Best Fiction of the Month

"This Side of Paradise".....Algebra Test
"The Old Curiosity Shop".....Sanctium
"The Crisis".....Waiting for the Bell
"Berries of Bittersweet".....Exams
"The Age of Innocence"..Marjorie Chapman
"By Order of the King".....Mr. Stearns

She: "What is the motto on the pin you gave me?"

He: "Faithful to the last."

She: "You horrid thing, you said I was the first."

Front Hall Chatter

Said St. George to Venus—"I love you so—
But I'd love you more, if you used Sapolio."

Melita: "I am told that you are fond of good music."

Bill Percy: "Oh, never mind me. Continue your playing."

Edna: "Why are school teachers like Ford cars?"

Lena: "Don't know."

Edna: "Because they give the most service for the least money."

Not Even a Slight Case!

Mrs. Salisbury: "I'm so pleased to meet you; my son took algebra from you in High School."

Teacher: "I big pardon; he was exposed, it is true, but he did not take it."

Resnick: "What are you going to do with that mouse?"

Wolfe: "Use it for bait."

Ben: "Use it for bait?"

Wolfe: "Yes, I am going after catfish."

"Yes," said the fair maid proudly, "I have heard nearly all the world's great singers."

"Same here," rejoined the matter-of-fact young man; "the Victrola is certainly wonderful."

Teacher: "Where are the islands of Hawaii?"

Pupil (just waking up): "What?"

Teacher: "Hawaii."

Pupil: "Oh, I'm all right, thank you."

Mr. Losee: "Why are the Middle Ages called the Dark Ages?"

Ethel Maier: "Because there were so many nights (knights) then."

Latin teacher: "Where was Caesar going when he was 39 years old?"

Bright Student: "Into his fortieth year."

Sailor (to seasick passenger): "Go as far as you like, but remember, 'Don't give up the ship.'"

Anne: "Now really don't you think that the dresses we wear have those our grandmothers wore beat by miles?"

Bob: "Well I shouldn't say miles, but certainly by many inches."

On My Hair Net

How dear to my heart
Are the thoughts of my hair net;
For stray, straggling locks it holds in their place;
When coiffures upset me,
And vain fashions fret me,
As true friend in need, I my hair net embrace.

When zephyrs breath mildly
Or north winds blow wildly,
It always consoles me and makes me less sad;
When old friends forget me
And new styles beset me,
You make my froused head look not quite so bad.

So I sing to my rare net
(I hope it won't tear yet),
My dear little hair net,
That serves me so well.

Jean English: "Will you tell me how to pronounce the name of the stone in this ring? Is it turkoise or turkwoise?"

Jeweler (after inspecting it): "The correct pronunciation is 'glass.'"

Mr. Mezger (to his French class): "All such phrases as these are idiomatic. Now, Miss Bishop, tell the class what I said these phrases are."

Anna B. (awakening from light nap): "They're idiotic."

A La Mode Aurela: "I want to get a fashionable skirt."

Saleslady: "Yes, madam. Will you have it too tight or too short?"

She (gushingly): "Don't you think that talkative girl are most popular?"

He (wearily): "What other kinds are there?"

Elsky: "What is he highest form of animal life?"

Lena: "The giraffe."

Nell: "A fib is the same as a story and a story is the same as a lie."

Edna: "No, it's not."

Nell: "Yes, it is; because my father said so, and he is a minister."

Edna: "I don't care if he is; my father is an editor, and he knows more about lying than your father."

Resnick: "Do you drive your own car?"

Mr. Losee: "No, I have to coax it."

Bob: "The artist whose paintings show that angels are all women certainly didn't know women."

Anne: "That is perhaps true. It may be that he knew only men."

Applying for Position

Wilbur: "Sir, I came in answer to your advertisement."

Employer: "Can you write stenography?"

Baldwin: "No, but I can learn!"

Heard in Childs

Perry: "Say waiter, where's my chop?"

Waiter: "Why there it is, sir."

Bell: "So it is. Why I thought that was a crack in the plate."

Elsky (looking| hungrily in the baker's window): "Don't you wish you had your pick, Jerry?"

Garfola: "Not only my pick, but my shovel, too."

Frey: "When Mr. Haulenbeck told us to do our Latin, like a fool I went and did it."

Anne: "No, you mean you did it like a fool."

Mr. Hart: "What was the cotton gin used for?"

Miss Ahl: "To pull the wool of the seeds."

Miss Peck: "Describe the interior of Rotherwood."

Rice: "A long table ran down the hall."

Miss Coult: "Where was Collins born?"

Rodmon: "On the borderland of Scotland and Ireland."

Voice from rear: "He must have been a duck."

Sichel (to 1B brother): "What is a hypocrite?"

1B: "A kid that comes to school with a smile on his face."

Cop: "Hey, you; this is a one-way street."

Ikey (in a Ford): "Vell, I'm only going one way."

Barra: "Why is Wolfe like Quebec?"

Spann: "I don't know. Why?"

Barra: "Because they're both established on a big bluff."

Not the Usual Thing

Melita Ahl not laughing.

Hammond Wolfe or Diffel burning the midnight oil writing Acropolis copy.

Miss Reynolds getting 10 in French.

Miss Elkins not in the Honor Roll.

Domonkus unprepared.

Miss Ropler not tardy for a week.

Sickel quiet.

Reade not arguing.

Padula present five days in a week.

Kaddie: "What vivid neckties Harlan wears. They're simply dazzling."

Marjie: "Yes, his idea seems to be: Best is the tie that blinds."

Anna: "The negroes who went around without a home were fined."

Mr. Hart: "Did they have to bring their home around with them?"

4A Reception

Edna: "Did I hurt you, Mr. Haulenbeck, when I stepped on your foot?"

Mr. Haulenbeck: "Not! not at all."

Edna: "Oh, I'm awfully sorry."

Reade: "Did you hear about the hold up in the backyard up in Roseville last night?"

Padula: "No, what happened?"

Reade: "Two clothespins held up a shirt."

Ayres: "You mustn't get so excited. Learn to take things cool."

Miss Soden: "All right. I'll take an ice cream soda to start with."

A. D.: "Why did kings tap men on the head when they knighted them?"

B. C.: "Maybe the stars made the knights more realistic."

Wolfe: "Say, Florence, I saw your friend Amos yesterday."

Miss Hass: "Amos who?"

Robert: "A mosquito."

When the girls say that DeVoe is heavenly they mean that he is of no earthly use.

In Room 25

Teacher: "Fermez-vous, la porte."

Frey: "I didn't study my lesson today."

In Chem

Mr. Dunn: "Do you want your notebook certified for college?"

"Yes, sir; I'm going to Coleman's."

Ayres (in English): "Hey, how old was Milton when he was born?"

Hart (translating): "Being surrounded, he was killed a little bit."

An Elegy

Our janitor we pity,
As all good people must,
For every eve the blue-jeaned man
Again returns to dust.

First Cave Man: "I'm king in my house."

Second Cave Man: "I knew that when I saw your wife crown you with the frying pan."
—Interlude.

Some 4A Latin Translations

Iris stood on her head.

Hecate howled three times a night.

He offers his face.

On the hill that Hector occupied (where Hector was buried).

Miserae Cries—Miserable suffragettes.

They stood on their fingers.

A Latin Tragedy

He was a British workingman, and he had so many children that he used to call the roll before Sunday's dinner to make sure they were all there.

"Erbert!" he cried, as his wife brought on the steaming joint.

"'Ere, pa!"

"'Orace!"

"'Ere, pa!"

"'Ezekial!"

"'Ere, pa!"

"'Enry!"

'Enry, who had just reached the seventh standard, decided to show off.

"Adsum!" he bawled.

Some Words from the Latest Barringer Dictionary

Abash—To put to confusion, and to be made to sit on the front seat.

Ability—A rare thing to be wished for.

Algebra—A medium form of torture.

Boisterous—Noisy, as bobbed-haired children at play.

Dancing—A form of recreation widely indulged in by High School students, distinguished from wrestling by the fact that an orchestra plays continuously during the performance.

Excuse—Twice told tale. Generally not appreciated by the powers that be.

Locker—A container for containing a conglomeration of superfluities in the possession of sundry individuals.

Power—Synonymous with Mr. Stearns.

Schools—A school of fistics.

Study Room—A place for revelry and repose

! ? ! ? !

Teacher: "Finklestein, is the world round or flat?"

Ikey: "Neither. Mine fader says its crooked."

Missing Equipment—Modern cars have every needed refinement except a place to keep the mortgage.

Teacher: "What! are you eating again?"

"No, ma'am; I'm eating candy."

Fine Points in English

The man had just informed the Pullman agent that he wanted a Pullman berth.

"Upper or lower?" asked the agent.

"What's the difference?" asked the man.

"A difference of 50 cents in this case," replied the agent. "The lower is higher than the upper. The higher price is for the lower. If you want it lower, you'll have to go higher. We sell the upper lower than the lower. In other words the higher the lower. Most people don't like the upper, although it's lower on account of being higher. When you occupy an upper you have to get up to your bed and get down when you get up. You can have the lower if you pay higher. The upper is lower than the lower because it is higher. If you are willing to go higher, it will be lower."

But the poor man had fainted.—Ex.

(Continued from page 21)

PLATT ADAMS TO COACH TRACK TEAM

Barringer High School is most fortunate this year in securing Platt Adams, the former Barringer track star, Olympic hero, and conditioner of athletic material, to coach and develop a track team to represent her on track and field. Carl Bauman will assist Coach Adams in his work. In spite of the fact that there is a dearth of experienced men, plans are being laid to make track a big sport this year. Of the veteran "B" men of last year, six men remain. Boxer, a veteran sprinter of two years, will again be in harness, as will Stickle, a distance man; Cohan, that promising youngster of last year's Championship Junior team; Brown, a miler; Inglis, a high jumper, and Levy, a middle distance man. Davis, a "B" man of 1918, will again be out to help in the dashes. However, these men do not constitute a team. There are many departments which have yet to be filled, and with a man like Platt Adams at the helm, great things may be looked for. Platt Adams, as a conditioner of athletic material, as a man who was, and still is, an athlete par excellence, and Platt Adams as a most likable chap—cannot be denied the best there is in the school. Give him the best, and results which even the most optimistic of us would scarcely hope for, will be accomplished. Let's go to it!

(Continued from page 17)

4A NOTES

The activities of the Class of January, 1922, came to a close with the Minstrel and Dance given on December 14, in the afternoon. The affair turned out to be a success and we hope that the classes hereafter will meet with the same success, in spite of our system of double sessions.

As this is the last time that we appear in the Acropolis, we wish to thank the school for their hearty co-operation in making the Acropolis an important part of our school life.

GIRLS' LEAGUE

A meeting of the Girls' League was held December 6, in the Auditorium, at 8:30. The president opened the meeting. Then the secretary's and treasurer's reports were read and accepted.

The president then introduced Miss Knight, who lives among the Indians, to the girls. Miss Knight told us many interesting and amusing stories connected with the Indians. She told us the real story of "Hiawatha" and his mission of peace. She played the music of the "Harvest Dance" and then delighted her audience with some Indian dances, among which were the "Snake Dance," the "Scalp Dance" and the "War Dance."

After the singing of the Girls' League Song, the meeting adjourned at 9:15.

As our president said, we were all certainly honored and pleased by Miss Knight's entertainment, and hope she will soon come again.

THE CHESS CLUB

We wish to announce that Barringer High School has a Chess Club. The announcements for meetings will be given in the Auditorium.

Up to this time Barringer had been the only high school in the city without a chess club. On December 12, a meeting was held at the South Side High School to organize a New Jersey Interscholastic Chess League. The schools represented were East Orangefi Battin, East Side, Central, South Side and Barringer. A constitution was drawn up and officers were elected. At this meeting Barringer's representatives learned that the chess clubs of some of these high schools are very strong. Battin High has forty members in its club, while the number of members in Central and South Side is greater.

Barringer must work hard in order that, when the interscholastic tournaments take place, Barringer may show its usual ability. Everyone interested is urged to attend the next meeting of the Chess Club.

SERVICE CLUB

The second December meeting was called to order by the president, Helen Ure, at 1:30. Mrs. Poland urged the girls to bring canned goods for the children of the Colored Orphan's Home, who will entertain us on January 10. Then Mrs. Poland outlined the work of the girls for the next month. The girls then arranged to send the women in the lunch room to Loew's Theatre during the Christmas holidays. The meeting was adjourned at 2:15.

(Continued from page 11)

Onondaga, Bab asked Janet what Helen had said to her.

"Oh," laughed Janet, "she said she didn't know I had so much nerve and spunk. She also said that I would be a very popular girl in camp."

"That is true," said Bab, "and I for one, certainly congratulate the girls in picking out a girl of action and not a girl of boasts as their popular girl."

"I will not forget, Bab, that it was you who made me a girl of action. You are filling my chief want in life, by being somebody who can make me do what I can."

"After all," said Bab softly, "somebody who shall make us do what we can, is the best of friends."

Said Magician: "I stand on a chair and pluck flowers right out of the air."

Said the girl to friend Mabel: "That's nothing—I'm able to pull rats out from under my hair!"

When it comes to mentioning "eats,"
Our policemen dine on "beets."
Editors, they say, eat "roasts,"
And at banquets all have "toasts."
"Nuts," by shop men, oft are chewed,
Sweethearts prefer "dates" for food.

—Interlude.

DIEGES & CLUST
15 JOHN STREET
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Manufacturing Jewelers for the Leading Colleges, Schools and Associations

Class, Fraternity, Club and Society Pins, Medals and Badges, Loving Cups, Plaques and Trophies of All Descriptions—Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware

Telephone Connections B. B. 4031 or 7352

H. SPECKMANN & CO.
HOME MADE
Ice Cream and Fine Candies
677 MT. PROSPECT AVENUE
NEWARK, N. J.

Families, Parties, Churches, Etc., Supplied
All Orders receive prompt and careful attention

The College of Engineering
of
The Newark Technical School

A local institution of college grade giving regular 4-year professional engineering courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Chemical, Electrical and Mechanical Engineering.

The certificate of a first-class 4-year high school or equivalent work is required for entrance.

The College of Engineering offers to the young men of Newark and vicinity an opportunity to get a sound technical education at home at a reasonable cost.

A certain number of scholarships are available to young men of promise who have not the necessary funds.

Inquiries should be directed to the Registrar.

Newark Technical School
367 High Street, Newark, N. J.
Phone Mulberry 162

Twelve Powerful Schools
Action is Opportunity
DAY or NIGHT

OUR SLOGAN

We not only give you the best there is in Business Secretarial Education, but we also do everything in our power to make your stay at Drake's pleasant.

DRAKE'S

SECRETARIAL COLLEGES
NEW JERSEY AND NEW YORK

155 Market Street, Newark
226 Main Street, Orange
120 Broad Street, Elizabeth
207 Broad Street, Elizabeth
171 East Front Street, Plainfield
117 Smith Street, Perth Amboy
Other Drake Schools in New York, Brooklyn, Union Hill, Bayonne and two in Jersey City

CASTLE'S
HEATHIZED
ICE CREAM

JERSEY'S PUREST
BECAUSE ITS HEATHIZED

Start the New Year Right

Some day you will need money—you will need it even more than you do now. In order to have it when you want it most, start at once to save some and make it a point to promptly deposit your savings in an interest-bearing account in this, the largest banking institution in the entire state. Two dollars will open an account. Start your's with the New Year. Our Savings Department pays four per cent. on all deposits up to $1,000.

Fidelity Union Trust Company

Broad Street, Between Bank and Academy Streets

Open Monday Evenings

FISCHER'S

SWEET MARIE BREAD

Test its goodness for yourself today. We also bake BUTTERCUP CREAM BREAD in the small size—and Delicious Seed Rye Bread.

FRESH AT YOUR GROCERS EVERYDAY

Fischer Baking Co.

Newark, N. J.